

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST PAGE.]

"Yes, he's run for it," replied the other, "and we are after him. The grand jury indicted him, and the sheriff got a warrant, and all Monson and Guilford is out a hunting for him. Last night, just as they were going to take him, he ran into the woods this way. Han't you seen nothin' of him?"

Johnson sat with his mouth wide open, and listened with such an inquiring look, that any one would have sworn it was all news to him. At last he exclaimed with the earnestness inspired by a new thought:

"Well, there! I'll bet that was what my dog was barking at an hour or so ago! I heard him barking as fierce as a tiger, about half a mile down the river. I was busy, mending my trousers, or I should have gone down to see what he'd got track of."

The company unanimously agreed that it must have been Kingston the dog was after; and in the hope of getting upon the track, they hurried off in the direction indicated. The fugitive now breathed freely again; but while his pursuers were talking with his host, his respiration had hardly been sufficient to sustain life. He did not venture to leave his retreat for two days; for, during that day and most of the next, the woods were scoured from one end of the township to the other, and several parties were successively despatched to the woods by the adroitness of its occupant. After two days, the pursuers principally left the woods, and contented themselves with posting sentinels, at short intervals, on the roads that surrounded the forest, and in the neighboring towns, hoping to arrest their victim, when hunger should drive him forth to some of the settlements. Kingston felt that it was unsafe for him to remain longer under the protection of Johnson, and he knew it would be exceedingly difficult to make his escape through any of the settlements of Maine. Upon due reflection, he concluded that the only chance left for him, was to endeavor to make his way to Canada. He was now a dozen or fifteen miles from the foot of Moosehead Lake. There was a foot-path to Eliotville where there were a few inhabitants. Through this settlement he thought he might venture to pass in the night—and he could then go nine miles direct, through the woods, to the foot of the lake. Once across or around the foot of the lake, he believed he could make his way into the Canada road, and escape with safety. Having matured his plan, he communicated it to Johnson, who aided it in the best manner he could by providing him with a pack of potatoes and dried beef meat, accompanied with an extra Indian "johnny cake," a jackknife, and a flint and tinder for striking fire.

It was late in the night when all things were prepared for the journey, and Kingston bade adieu to his host. He had nearly a mile to go through the woods before reaching the path that led through the township to Eliotville; and when he passed through the Eliotville settlement, the day began to dawn. A stirring young man, who was out at that early hour, saw him cross the road at a distance, and go into the woods. Satisfied at once who he was, he hastened to rouse his neighbors, and then started towards Monson village, with all the speed his legs could give him. When he reached Monson, and communicated his intelligence, the whole village was roused like an encamped army at the battle call; and in twenty minutes every horse in the village was mounted and the riders were spurring with all speed toward the lake, and Deacon Stone among the foremost. As they came in sight of the Moosehead, the sun, which was about an hour high, was pouring a flood of warm rays across the calm, still waters, and some half a mile from the land they beheld a tall, slim man, alone in a canoe, paddling towards the opposite shore. For a moment the party stood speechless, and then vent was given to such oaths and exclamations as habit had made familiar. Something was even swelling in Deacon Stone's throat, well nigh as sinful as he had uttered on a former occasion, but he coughed and checked it, before it found utterance. They looked eagerly around, and ran on every side, to see if another boat, or any other means of crossing the lake, could be found—but all in vain. His pursuers were completely baffled—and they turned about and quietly rode back to Monson; Deacon Stone consoling himself on the way, by occasionally remarking: "Well, if the heathen is driven out of the land, thanks to a kind Providence, he hasn't carried the land with him!"

A New England Sabbath.

A correspondent of the Rochester Democrat, writing from Springfield, (Mass.) says: "A New England Sabbath is something which can only be seen in New England. It is not an article of exportation. There is a quiet, settled calm about it—a stillness which can almost be felt—unsuited to any other atmosphere. I arose yesterday morning oppressed by the solemn serenity which seemed to pervade every object around me. In this busy town, at eight o'clock, not a sound could be heard. Silence pervaded its streets, and I could scarcely make myself believe that I was in the midst of a population of ten or twelve thousand souls. The green fields—the mountains—the forest—stretching out, in every direction, far as the eye could reach—seemed praising God, in their calm beauty, and the huge elms of an hundred years, lifted up their long arms towards heaven, and looked devout as the ancient patriarchs. The very buildings—many of them associated with stirring events in the past—became sanctified monitors, as they said to the contemplative mind, 'This is the land of the Pilgrims—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' Whoever remembers his first Sabbath in a New England town, will be able to understand what I have written, for he must have felt what I have attempted to describe.

There is no ingress nor egress here on the Sabbath. All public conveyances lay by. Formerly a car passed over the road to Boston and back with the mail. This has been discontinued.

In these Yankee villages, one is always delighted with their magnificent shade trees. They constitute the principal beauty of almost every place you visit—of this place preeminently. Nearly every street here is shaded by magnificent elm, sycamore or maple trees."

COLD COMPLIMENT.—We find the following note among those drunk on the Fourth: "By Michael Mease, 'The ladies of Pine Grove. Fair as a moonbeam on a snow bank.'"

A Mr. Long, of Iowa, has married a Miss Farewell. They'll soon get the hang of "short farewells."

Nobility of Mechanics.

God has placed them in thy lot, perchance, to guide the flying car that whirls us on from scene to scene, or friend to friend; calm down the warring waves of ocean, temper-tossed, or chain the artillery of heaven. Toil on! Jehovah was a workman too. "In the beginning God created the heaven and earth," and from counsel-chairs sprang this perfect world, the perfect workmanship of the eternal uncreated power. Up rose the mighty firmament, and back the sullen surges swept, submissive, tamed, each to their several bounds. And there he set great lights, the glorious sun to bless the day; the timid moon to wear at night the milder lustre of the radiant orb. He painted Heaven with mingling blue and white, and in the vaulted arch a modest star peeped out, seeming, by the majesty of the sun and moon, to stray lily breathing out its love of meek and blushing loveliness in the gray tints of opening bud and rich voluptuous blossom.

Wondering, there dawned another and a third, till clustering to the spacious canopy, they read in the calm waters of the sea the story of their loneliness. From thence assured, they fear not sun nor moon, but faithfully distill their pensive light. Old ocean tossed her crescent spray and from her hid depths creatures of life came up, and flew, and the great whale, dark emperor of the sea. And God created man! Six days he labored, and the seventh he reposed; while from the sea, the earth, the air, and all that in them is, went up a chorus of ecstatic praise to God, the first, the eternal architect.

Toil on! Drink from the dew that heaven distills; fragrant flowers, the burning buds, the blessed air, are untold wealth to the hard-browed and bronzed mechanic. Rich coffers bring a snare, cankers, and heart corrosion. God's wealth is yours, a wealth to which degrading gold is vanity and dust. Toil on! Proud peer and prince, pendant, scepter, statesman, and priest, now claim the tribute of a tomb, which fain would drive away the greedy woe, and splendid eloquence and mocking tears are shed above the dust which lies as common as the plebeian hero. The grave is the best leveler.—Blest grave! Grave of the tanned mechanic! A spirit speaks from thence, and willing ears may learn some task, which monuments of gold have not a power to teach. Proud man—learned man—go sit above his tomb, and weep to think when old time shall tire, the sun go down with weariness; oblivion's sultry surge shall sweep away your greatness and your chivalry; above 'the wreck of matter' and the crash of worlds, 'the handiwork of God's own nobility shall live immutable as time, while time itself empire holds, eternal as eternity!—[Miss M. E. Wentworth.]

NECESSITY OF DIVERSIFIED MENTAL OCCUPATIONS.—Mental labours, judiciously varied, will, in general, be much better supported than such as are more uniform or concentrated in their character. As the same physical effort soon tires and exhausts the muscles concerned in it, so likewise will the same mental exertion produce a corresponding effect on the faculties which it particularly engages. Hence the manifest relief we experience in changing our intellectual occupations, just, indeed, as we do in shifting our postures, our exercises, &c. Close undivided attention to any object of real or fancied moment, is apt, sooner or later, to be followed by pains and dizziness of the head, general lassitude and prostration of strength, diminished appetite, impaired digestion, emaciation, a contracted, sallow, care-worn countenance, and a whitening and falling out of the hairs. Or the mind, too ardently devoted to a particular theme, too long and intently engrossed by some solitary and absorbing subject, may, at length, as Doctor Johnson has so well illustrated in the instance of his astronomer, become absolutely insane in relation to it. Hence extravagant enthusiasm comes hard upon the confines of, and sometimes actually passes into, insanity. And we need not wonder from the present time to meet with zealots scarcely to be distinguished from monomaniacs, and to whom the discipline of a mad-house would not be unuseful. The improvement in the countenance and general aspect of the body, and in the healthful vigor of all the functions, consequent to a relaxation of concentrated mental application, there are few but must have experienced in themselves, or observed in others.—[Mental Hygiene.]

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—An English paper, relates the following incident: Six infant children, on Wednesday morning, got into a boat on the beach, and a mischievous boy shoved it off. The boat drifted away to sea before the children were missed. Terrible was the agony of the mothers when they knew it. The preventive men went off in all directions; every boat was on the lookout till far into the night. Daylight returned, and still there were no tidings of the helpless children; the day wore away, and still nothing was heard about them; they were lost either in the expanse of the wide ocean, or buried within its insatiable depths. A Plymouth steamer, fishing yesterday morning early, saw something floating in the distance; he bore down to it, and discovered it to be a boat—and in the bottom the six children, all cuddled in like a nest of birds, fast asleep, God having mercifully given them that blessed solace after a day of terror and despair. The trawler took them on board, attended them with bread and cheese, and gladdened their despairing little hearts with a promise to take them home.

Between three and four in the afternoon the trawler was seen in the offing with the boat astern. All eyes were turned towards him; the best spy-glass in the town was rubbed again, and again, and at last they made out it was the identical boat. The news flew through the town—the mothers came frantic to the beach for there were no children discerned in the boat; none to be seen in the sloop. Intense was the agony of suspense, and all alike shared it with the trawler. At last the trawler came in, and the word went round 'they're all safe,' and many stout-hearted men burst into tears, women shrieked with joy and became almost frantic with their insupportable happiness. It was indeed a memorable day—and a prayer, eloquent for its rough sincerity, was offered up to Almighty God, who, in his infinite mercy, had spared these innocent children from the perils and terrors of the sea during that fearful night. Five of these children were under five years of age, the sixth is but nine years old."

YOUNG MEN BEWARE. Mr. Potter, of Yale College, in a temperance address lately at New Haven, says: "My heart bleeds as I remember the fate of three of our early companions who started in life with myself. One of them possessed the finest mathematical mind I ever knew. He would take the Ledger and go up with three columns at a time with perfect ease. He was the first man in America that beat the Automaton Chess Player, and he told me that he had every motion in his head here he entered the room. That man fills a drunkard's grave. Another, who was an excellent accountant, and could command almost any salary, met the same melancholy fate. Another, possessing the same brilliant capacities, has gone down—not to the grave, perhaps, but has sunk clear out of sight amid the mire and the filth of intemperance."—[Hartford Courant.]

SCRAWLING.—Every person should be taught in youth to write a legible hand. That this is not the case, piles of undeciphered communications in our school-principals' testifies. Writing is a branch of education to which a great deal of time in youth appears to be devoted to very little purpose. But, according to a late writer, of all the scrawlers there are the most annoying who affect bad writing as fashionable, and deem a scrawl one of the indications of a gentleman. Of all silly distinctions, none can be more childish than this, or argue less for the sense of those who affect it. To wear one's coat inside out would be a distinction certainly, but such a distinction as any one of the least sense or sanity would avoid. Whatever is done with all is worth doing well; and to write badly and illegibly is surely indicative of pitiable incompetency, or blamable carelessness, or, worse than either, a despicable affectation.

The steamship Great Western's passage money amounts to \$14,500. She has over 500 tons of valuable freight, and has made the most profitable trip she has ever had.

Maine Farmer.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, SEPT. 18, 1846.

Probate Notices. Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in Kennebec County, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

Job Work, of all kinds, as neatly executed, and at as fair rates, at the Farmer Office, as at any other establishment this side of the "City of Nations." Fancy jobs printed with all the different colored inks.

Wanted, at this office, a young man from sixteen to seventeen years of age, to learn the printing business. One who can come well recommended for industrious habits, good abilities, and correct moral principles, will meet with encouragement.

Hip, huzza! here we are, in the Ed's chair, precisely where, of all places in creation, we're least fitted for the station. But the Doctor has gone and left us in the mire, therefore some luckless wight must keep up the fire, or our readers will certainly say, "Surely the d—l must be to pay!"—Oh, horror! upon our shoulders the duty is made fast; the thought of which, gives us a twitch, that leads us to exclaim, with all our "might and main," "To what base uses do we come at last!" But hip! huzza! many a "star," would have set at his rising, if he'd knocked off trying, on the first round of the ladder of fame, to reach the top one and there fix his name. So now as we're in for it, we'll not back out a whit; but 'll cook up a dish, a sort o' hash'd fish, which if you choose, you can eat or refuse; remembering, 'tis the offering, of a much abused wight, who means to do right, and who's always on hand, at his own proper stand—being happy and civil.—Respectfully, THE "DEVIL."

THE DOWN EAST FAT OXEN. We learn that Mr. Underwood has disposed of his fat oxen, (see notice of them on the outside of this paper), and that they will soon be taken by the purchaser, Mr. Clark, to the Boston Market. We also understand that they will be in this village to-day (Wednesday) or to-morrow, and will be exhibited to those who are curious in such matters. Mr. C. charges a small sum for the privilege of viewing them, his object being to collect money enough in this way to partly pay their keeping, as they tend their way towards their destination. They are truly worth looking at. We learn that Mr. Clark paid the snug little sum of five hundred and fifty dollars for the four. We opine that they will cause a "great commotion" among the ox admirers and beef-buyers in the "City of Nations."

SPEAK IT BOLDLY. We do admire the truly bold man—not the impudently bold man. If you have truth to utter which should have utterance, speak it boldly. We had rather by half see a person thus speak the truth, though by doing so he may get "knocked into a cocked hat" the next moment, than to see him blush, and tremble, and shake, and run round a ten acre lot, before he can squeeze out what he knows to be truth and feels his duty to proclaim. Truth, fitly and boldly spoken, will put to flight an army of untruths and calumnies; and it is said that it will "shame the Devil," alias the "father of lies." Truth too, spoken boldly and yet in a friendly manner, has checked the downward and ruinous course of many a young and thoughtless person, and been the cause of his happy restoration to the paths of uprightness and happiness and honor. Truth spoken faintly and tremblingly, falls upon the ear like a "milk-and-water" assertion, and has no more effect upon the listener, than the report of a green-eared pop-gun would have upon the patriotism of a patriot on the glorious Fourth of July. Away with this foolish, weak-knee manner of telling the truth! Be not of the number who thus deliver themselves, but rather

"Be thou like the first Apostles—
Be thou like heroic Paul,
If a free thought seeks expression,
Speak it boldly! speak it!—
Face thine enemies—accuse,
Scorn the prison, rack or rod!
And if thou hast TRUTH to utter,
SPEAK! and leave the rest to God."

FRIEND TABER'S STOCK.—We would call the attention of our readers to Friend Taber's advertisement, in to-day's paper. Those who wish to purchase good stock, have here a favorable opportunity—one which they should not let pass by unimproved. The readers of the Farmer are already acquainted with "Don Hardy," a portrait and biography of whose highness have heretofore graced our columns. His offspring bear a strong resemblance to him, and are consequently of a character highly fitted to acquire themselves honorably in the highest circles of all Sheepdom. We have no doubt Mr. T. will find plenty of purchasers.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Saturday last, an Irishman by the name of Smith, who had been in this country but a few weeks, fell from the fourth story staging of the new factory building in Hallowell, receiving a fatal injury, which resulted in his death on Monday. His body was taken to Whitefield and buried in the Catholic cemetery.

THE CROPS IN PISCATAQUIS COUNTY. The Farmer states that the crops in Piscataquis county will not turn out so well as was anticipated. The wheat crop has suffered much from the ravages of the weevil—to such an extent, in fact, that many of the farmers have considered it not worth harvesting, and consequently have mowed down entire fields of it, curing the same for foddering purposes. The potato crop will also prove a failure, the prevalent devastating disease having done its work. Corn promises a remunerating harvest, and oats and peas are very stout.

GOOD ADVICE TO MARRIED LADIES. Frederika Bremer gives some excellent advice to married ladies. Here is a short piece, worth a dollar at least. "Consider, my daughters, what the word wife expresses. The married woman is her husband's domestic faith; in her hand he must be able to confide house and family; he is able to entrust to her the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating room. His honor and his home are under her keeping, his well being is in her hands. Think of this."

A BOX ONE. The editor of the Concord (Mass.) Freeman says, that he recently saw a cucumber, raised in the garden of a neighbor, which weighed seven pounds, and measured over eighteen inches in length. We think that has not been beat since Adam quit gardening.

The locusts have appeared in large numbers in various portions of Louisiana.

SHAMPOOING. Reader, did you ever indulge in the real luxury of having your "mental cartridge-box" shampooed? If yes, we've nothing more to say; if nay, it's high time you had. The practice of shampooing the head is quite prevalent in our large cities, among those persons who seek out all luxuries and indulge in them to a healthful extent. It is just as necessary and just as pleasant and agreeable that the surface of the head be kept clean, as the surface of the body; yet, comparatively, but very few amongst us clean that part of the head covered with hair, otherwise than by combing and brushing. Now, if you wish to enjoy a bona-fide luxury—one that will make you feel as clean and sprightly as—as—as a clean head can make you feel—just drop into Mr. MITCHELL'S, on Water street, and let him shampoo your dandruffed, dirty pate. He'll do it up in the twinkling of a mosquito's eye, and in a scientific manner. Mitchell is great at shampooing—cute at shaving—and the way he plays the guitar, violin and flute, for others and his own amusement, has nothing to do with "the subject after the meeting," and is not on the bill of performance.

DEATH OF JUDGE STORY. The Boston Courier of Thursday last, announces the death of Judge Joseph Story, of the U. S. Supreme Court. He died at his residence in Cambridge, on Wednesday evening, and was sixty-five years of age. Disease, stoppage of the intestines, or strangulation. He received his appointment to the Judgeship of the U. S. Court, from President Madison, in 1811. At the time of his death he also filled a Professorship in Harvard University. The Courier says of him—"He has filled a high office in the judicial service of his country, and a higher station in the public eye, and he has left a space which will not be easily filled." He was a graduate of Harvard University, of the class of 1798.

FREEMAN'S INK. Our friend Charles Freeman, of this village, does make first rate writing fluid.—We have tried it, as the man did the cedar rails, out-and-out, and therefore we are enabled to speak understandingly. Those who wish for a genuine article, and who are in favor of patronizing home-industry, would do well to give Charles a call. [Private.—We get a bottle for that. Don't say any thing about it—don't.]

While we are about it we might as well acknowledge the receipt of a bottle of Holmes & Howard's writing fluid, manufactured by the above named gentlemen, at their establishment in Winthrop. This ink is also a good article, and works first rate. [We suppose the Doctor will play the deuce with us for puffing his ink,—he's so modest; but since he has cleared the cork for a week or two, and left us in the chair, we shall take the liberty to "blow on whom we please." Ahem!]

SERVED HIM RIGHT. A few days since, in the city of New York, two men were instantly killed by the falling of a building which was in process of demolition. They were taken into Tammany Hall. During the afternoon, while the Hall was surrounded by the numerous relatives and friends of the deceased persons, one of those brainless, heartless perfumed fops which infest cities, stepped up and asked, "what is the matter?" Being informed of what had happened, he exclaimed, affectedly, "Ah! oh! it's only a laborer!" Mike Walsh, who was standing near by, raised his foot and sent the fellow among the rubbish. Some have condemned Mike for so doing, but we approve the deed, all things considered. Mike says he only regrets that he did not administer a few more kicks to the heartless vagabond while down. We like to see these windy, mushroom, heartless, self-sufficient, aristocratic gentlemen dealt with as they deserve—even, if necessary, in the manner the above named one was handled.

LOCAL CONUNDRUMS.—"Hallo, Pete, I's got a colubermus wat I wants to ax ye. Why am de readers ob de Augusta Age like many ob our cultured breddren ob de South?"

"Bekase—bekase—yes—no. Cuff, I givs 'im up."

"Wat am ignurwnt individual you is. I'll tell ye why. Bekase dey am dependent on Rice for sustenance. Yah, yah, yah!"

"Now, Cuff, I wants ye to propel on a colundelum wat I's gwine to guv ye. Why am Virtue in de company ob Vice like de Kennebec Journal? Does ye guv 'im up?"

"No—bekase—no—ye—s, I givs 'im up."

"Yah, yah, yah! Gut ye on de guv. Wal, I'll tell ye why Virtue in de company ob Vice am like de Kennebec Journal. Bekase upon its Severance depends its life."

"Gosh, Pete, you's been into de rudements ob de dictionnary all ober. But here's for ye agin.—Why am dis pister like de editorial matter ob de Gospel Banner? Dat's wat I ax ye."

"O, I givs 'im up tres weeks agin."

"Bekase, you silly nigger, it's Dreve on paper."

"Now, Cuff, I wants to ax ye one more colundelum, an den I's off."

"Succeded wid it."

"Why am 'de editorial sanctum ob de Maine Farmer like a sartain place on de coast whar you sail?"

"Does you go de Root I can't cum dat."

"I Does."

"Wal, I's got ye dis time. It's bekase it's Holmes' Hole. Yah, yah, yah!"

"You is a werry knowin' individual nigger, dat's a fact. Take hold, Cuff; you deserves de beer for you highdiffers mental disciplinashun."

EVK. An exchange paper says—"There is a discussion going on in Cincinnati as to the exact complexion of Eve. It is said that it must have been exceedingly resplendent and beautiful; and the reason assigned is, that nothing could come from the hand of God that was not perfect in every respect." For our part we see no chance for a discussion relative to this important point. The whole matter is decided in a moment. Of what was Eve formed? Of one of Adam's ribs. Of what complexion, beautiful. Then of what complexion was mother Eve? Fair, resplendent, beautiful.—There's the whole story in the space of a nut shell.

The Shoe and Leather Business.—This branch of business, so important in our country, is in rather a depressed condition at present. The price of leather has been low, for some time past, and has declined about 10 per cent. in the last six weeks. The shoe manufacture we understand has also glutted the market. We have heard of consignments from this quarter, which, after lying for some months at New Orleans, have been reshipped to their owners for a market.—[Salem Gazette.]

A Variety of Articles.

PARTLY ORIGINAL AND PARTLY HOOKED.

The Boston papers state that E. L. Norcross, Jr., of Bangor, lost his pocket book, containing \$500, in that city on Thursday last, between the Broomfield House and State street.

—The last advices from Kentucky, bring the happy intelligence that Cassius M. Clay has so far recovered from his severe indisposition as to be able to travel. No inconsiderable interest is felt in regard to his future course.

—It is stated that among the patents recently extended for fourteen years, was one for a child's whistle! That patent will have to be extended many times, we opine. It will be a long time ere children and their whistles will go out of fashion.

—There has recently been visiting at the President's House, Washington, a gentleman from Augusta, Ga., who is six feet and eleven inches in height, and weighs three hundred and eight pounds! He and our friend Adam Mott, who is about his equal, would make a great breaking up team.

—The Massachusetts Ploughman says: "We have heard of a man who brought a crow so near him, by using a spy glass, that he threw salt on his tail, and thus secured him." Well, we know of a man who brought extreme poverty so near him, by using a spy glass, that he threw tattered clothes on his own trembling body, and thus secured a comfortable situation in the poor house.

—A swarm of honey bees recently took possession of an apothecary's shop in Salem, Mass., and it was a difficult matter to get rid of them. Foolish bees, to thus rush headlong into danger. We presume they were as sweet customers as the gentleman has had, if we except the ladies.

—PINS. Two tons and a half of pins are put up every week at the pin factory in Derby, Ct. What becomes of all the pins? (Maine Farmer.)

Many of them may be found in our back yard, among the sweepings of the house. (Olive Branch.)

A very gentle hint, that, to your better half, Mr. Lovell, shouldn't wonder if you got pinned on that pointed assertion. Up this way many pins may be found in the back—clothes, among the pinning ladies.

—Mrs. Eaton, of Farmington, Ct., recently died from the effects of sticking a pin in her thumb and then putting her hands in cold water, which produced inflammation, followed by mortification, causing her death in twenty-two days from the time of the accident. Let this be a warning to others.

—On Monday morning of last week, the sum of \$500 in bills and \$40 in specie, was taken from the money drawer of the ticket office of the Boston and Maine railroad, at the depot in Boston, during the five minutes' absence of the gentleman who had charge of it. The robber is not yet known.

—Plummer Saunders, said to be a great rogue, and a graduate of the New Hampshire State Prison, has been arrested in Vermont for horse stealing and passing counterfeit money.

—Edward Dyer, sergeant-at-arms of the U. S. Senate, died at Washington, on the 8th inst.

—At Troy, on Wednesday last, Green, the murderer, was executed, before which he made a full confession of his crime, and stated the motives which prompted him to his commission.

—The St. Louis Reveille always does the clever thing. Read the following Imprimatur, being an apology for snatching a kiss.

My heart was burning, fiercely burning!
But ah! no grateful succor came;
When turning to you, fiercely turning,
I saw the dew upon your lip.
Extreating me to take a sip—
I stole a drop to quench the flame.
Let pity then, your kind heart touch,
Say not I took a drop too much!

—It is said that books are to be opened in Portland forthwith for a line of the magnetic telegraph from that city to the city of Boston.

—A farmer recently died in London, after several days of extreme suffering from hemorrhage, vomiting, &c., occasioned by his accidentally getting a small quantity of guano dust in his throat.

—Many of the deluded Millerites are coming to their senses, and making confessions of the errors of their course, and begging forgiveness. This looks well. They have accomplished mischief enough—more, perhaps, in the same space of time, than any other class of crazy preachers that ever went about throwing fire-brands of delusion and misery. Miller himself still persists that his doctrines are founded in truth, but declines preaching them any longer, throwing the cause into the hands of his followers for them to expound.

—"MURDER WILL OUT." Not long since an old toper in Woonsocket, R. I., advertised his "better half" as having left his bed and board, &c. The abused woman could not stand that, and so she comes out in the Patriot with the following, which is rather a damper on the old man, and which will probably learn him to "keep mum" when he has a "lame case." She puts it to him sweetly, don't she? Hear her:

"Whereas, Arthur Irons has seen fit to advertise me as having left his bed and board—carrying off his children, &c.—therefore, I hereby give notice to all who may feel interested in the matter, that said Arthur Irons, since his marriage, has had neither bed nor board which was not procured with my money,—that all the furniture which I took away I purchased and paid for myself—that he had no money which did not belong to me—and as to getting trusted on his account, he cannot get trusted himself where he is known—that I can better maintain myself than he can—and that I prefer living alone to living with a Run Jug!"

MARY IRONS.

There, go to bed on that "night-cap," Mr. Irons, and see how pleasant your dreams will be. If that doesn't run down your choler some, we'll give in.

—Just so. The Baltimore Sun gets off the following genuine plaster, which, perhaps, may find a sticking place in this climate. Read it. "All newspaper history proves that the constant grumbler at any particular newspaper is the most incessant borrower of it; and, by way of remark, we may add, that he has no sense enough to be ashamed of himself." Then's am, exactly.

—A Mrs. McDaniels recently died in Hagerstown, Md., from lock-jaw, caused by a slight wound on the finger, which she had received a few days previous. The Herald says, this should warn persons to be careful and attentive to such slight injuries at this season of the year, when the system is known to be predisposed to disease—a mere scratch of the skin, if not attended to, may, as in the above instance, cause death.

—Out West a lover calls his mistress a jewsharp of delight and a healing plaster for pain in the breast.

—The Charleston Mercury states that famine prevails in South Carolina.

THE ELECTION.—The returns come in slowly.—Mr. Anderson is probably re-elected, but by a small majority. Below is the result, so far as heard from. We do not deem it necessary to give the vote of each town.

RECAPITULATION.			
	Morse.	Anderson.	Scot.
York—19 towns,	2262	2922	803
Cumberland—27 towns,	3339	4818	1012
Lincoln—23 towns,	3654	3524	478
Hancock—20 towns,	1109	1244	110
Kennebec—25 towns,	3901	2166	738
Somerset—14 towns,	1365	1099	288
Penobscot—13 towns,	1517	1506	818
Waldo—18 towns,	1210	2302	214
Oxford—17 towns,	698	1681	191
Franklin—7 towns,	282	443	129
Washington—3 towns,	271	1	1
Piscataquis—16 towns,	709	884	160
Total 206 towns,	20,312	22,864	4061

The Portland Argus says that the "Democrats have elected three Senators in York, three in Oxford, three in Waldo, three in Penobscot, one in Aroostook, one certain in Cumberland, and very likely three; and we have no doubt of two or three other districts, though we are not warranted in setting them down, as we have not heard from them. The Whigs have carried three in Kennebec. They may have elected one more." In the Lincoln district there are vacancies of four Senators, also two in Somerset, no choice having been effected. Mr. Scammon, Democrat, is elected to Congress in the York and Oxford district. The following shows the character of the House of Representatives, so far as heard from.

REPRESENTATIVES ELECTED.

York County—Biddford, Wm. Berry; South Berwick, &c., no choice; Kennebec Port, J. Burnham; Saco, no choice; Kennebec, no choice; Buxton, no choice; Cornish, K. Moore; Kittery, Rogers; Lebanon, &c., no choice; Lyman, &c., Currier; York, Nath. Water; Cumberland—Cumberland, Ephraim Stoddard; North Yarmouth, Cushing Prince; Auburn, T. Howard; Freeport, S. Soule; Standish, E. Moulton; Westbrook, no choice; Windham, no choice; Brunswick, Adam Lemont; Cape Elizabeth, James Trickett; Portland, F. Mudgett; Biddeford, &c., Abner Libby; Gorham, no choice; Gray, &c., L. L. Tolman.

Lincoln—Bath, D. C. Macoun; Georgetown, &c., no choice; Wiscasset, A. F. Hall; Dresden, J. B. Bridge; Nobleboro, no choice; Bristol, Jos. Day; New Castle, no choice; Webster, Jacob Hill; Waldoboro, J. G. Reed; Bowdoin, &c., James Elliot; Boothbay, &c., no choice; Thomaston, no choice; Union, &c., no choice; Whitefield, &c., Chote; Kennebec—Litchfield, Grant; Hallowell, J. Otis; Augusta, Keene; China, &c., J. Chadwick; Albion, &c., no choice; Clinton, &c., no choice; Dearborn, &c., no choice; Fayette, &c., no choice; Leeds, &c., no choice; Gardiner, no choice; Greene, &c., no choice; Rome, &c., no choice; Vassalboro, Isaac Fairfield; Vienna, &c., Edgecomb; Winslow, T. J. Hayden; Oxford—Livermore, &c., Philip Munger; Hancock—Dedham, &c., D. Harriman; Bucksport, &c., no choice.

Somerset—Anson, &c., Geo. C. Getchell; Bloomfield, &c., W. F. Pitts; Canaan, &c., G. Morrison; Skowhegan, E. G. Morrison.

Penobscot—Bangor, no choice.

Waldo—Belfast, Searport, &c., Montville, &c., Camden, Lincolnville, &c., Unity, &c., Frankfort, no choice; Hope, &c., S. Bartlett; Swanville, &c., Jacob Cunningham; Appleton, &c., Lott Russ; Vinalhaven, &c., David Vinal.

Whig, Democrat.

LUCKY CHAR. The editor of the Lowell Journal is faring as sumptuously as a pig in clover. In his last number he acknowledges the receipt of a "nice box of honey" from a farmer friend, and also, from another

Foreign News.

Arrival of the Great Western.

Four days later from Europe.—The steamship Great Western, Capt. Matthews, arrived at New York on Tuesday evening, from Liverpool, in a passage of little more than twenty days. The Great Western sailed on the afternoon of Aug. 23, and encountered heavy westerly gales during her passage. She brought on board 145 passengers, among whom we notice Hon. Mr. Jenifer, U. S. Minister to Austria, and his wife; Hon. Mr. Boulware, late U. S. Charge to Naples, accompanied by W. H. Polk; Hon. C. Hughes, Jr.; H. H. V. Vernon, Member of the British House of Commons from East Bedford, and other distinguished individuals.

The news by this arrival is not very exciting, or particularly important. Cotton remained about the same as at the departure of the Caledonia. Immediately after the Caledonia left, the weather was wet and very unfavorable for the crops, threatening a very scanty harvest; but it had become pleasant again on the 22d, inasmuch that it had caused an improvement in the public securities. But the prospect of a good harvest is still unfavorable. The amount of wheat and flour in bond in England on the 1st of July, is shown by official returns just published to be 430,294 quarters; last year at the same time the amount was 64,122.

The Queen remained upon the continent, at Germany, and whole columns in the London papers announce her progress. At the latest date, August 18, she was at Mayence, about to depart for Wurtzburg, whence she would proceed to Coburg.

Several riots have broken out in Germany, in consequence of the religious excitement produced by the preaching of the Reformers. At Hildesheim, Aug. 9, this preacher closed a harangue with the declaration, "Rome and her supremacy shall not fall." A citizen of the place replied, "Rome will not fall so soon as you." This produced an attack upon the individual, and a riot which called for the interference of the authorities, between whom and the populace an altercation arose, in which several persons were wounded. A still more serious disturbance took place at Leipzig, on the 13th, on the occasion of the review of the Royal Guards; Prince John of Saxony was insulted, and before the crowd could be dispersed the soldiers fired upon them, and 9 citizens were killed, and 20 wounded.

Parliament, during its recent session, has sanctioned the building of 2900 miles of new railroad in England and Scotland, and 560 in Ireland; the capital authorized to be raised for the purpose is £38,450,000.

The Overland Mail arrived on the 21st, the commercial accounts of which possess no striking feature, and may, upon the whole, be considered favorable. Exchange was brisk, and freights for England had improved. From China there is nothing new.

The cholera had reappeared at almost every station in Western India, and had committed most frightful ravages on the native inhabitants, although the number of its European victims had been comparatively small. In the Punjab it had made sad havoc, carrying off a Lahore division of 6000 men, and 1000 horses from 20,000 to 30,000 had fallen victims to it.

Later from Mexico.

The Mexican schooner Joaquina, Captain Gomez, arrived at New Orleans on the 30th, from Tampico, whence she sailed on the 22d ultimo. She brought neither letters nor papers, but a goodly quantity of rum.

"We learn that President Herrera has been reluctantly compelled to accept the resignation of his late Ministers, viz: L. G. Cuevas, State Department; Mariano Riva Palacio, Justice; Luis de la Rosa, Treasury; and Gen. C. de la Torre, War Department. This intelligence the President communicated to the Chambers on the 11th of August, with expressions of the highest regard for the talents, ability, boldness, integrity and patriotism of the late Ministers. No definite cause for the resignation and its reluctant acceptance is assigned, unless it be in an allusion to existing difficulties.

We have not a word by this arrival as to the action of Congress upon the propositions submitted to it on the 21st of July, in regard to the fifteen million loan. It is conjectured by some that the dilatoriness of Congress to accede to all the war demands of the Administration, led to the resignation of the Ministers.

It is stated by Capt. Gomez that it was reported at Tampico that 1500 men from the interior were on the march to join Paredes. With his forces, which would then amount to 3500 men, according to this rumor, Paredes was to move upon Texas, strike the Rio Grande as high up as the Boxer country. Gen. Arias, with his 3000 men, was to proceed boldly and directly to attack Gen. Taylor in his encampment at Corpus Christi.

The reiterated demands of Mexico upon Yucatan for troops, have received only a nominal response—that if Mexico chose to engage in war with the United States, she must bear the brunt of it; Yucatan as a Department would not contribute any quota of troops; but that if any of her citizens chose to volunteer they were at liberty to do so.

It is said, however, that Arias has employed emissaries to Texas to tamper with the slaves, and that he hopes to render them effective in the promotion of his plans. How confident he is of success, the reader may judge from an address to his troops, which appeared in the Diario of the 12th ult., together with an appeal to the inhabitants of Yucatan, to rise up, and defend their country. The latter document was intended merely to stir up the inhabitants to arms; but the address to his troops is a more formidable affair, and we copy it as we find it translated in the Courier.

"Comrades! The Supreme Executive has sent to me by express the news that the United States, in pursuance of their ambitious views, having taken possession of the Department of Texas, has declared a declaration of war from the Congress against that unjust nation.

The time has now come. We must prepare with the ardor inspired by duty and patriotism, when an attack is made upon the soil, the honor and pride of the nation.

I am sure, comrades, that those presumptuous Americans will be greatly disappointed, when they find that our soldiers are not only as brave as they thought, and that they cannot conquer them.

I address you under the influence of a lively enthusiasm. All fanciful doubt is vanished; the question is decided; and we are about to commence the most righteous war that was ever waged. Laurels await us! To arms! It is the only means of avenging our honor, insulted by a nation that boasts of its liberty and civilization.

Arms are the only arguments to use against bandits and men without good faith. Let us hope for that justice which is invoked by all society and the decision of the civilized world.

Our lot will be envied by the rest of the army—we are the nearest the theatre of war—we are the first to avenge the outrages on our country, and to ravish from the usurpers the object of their rapine.

Large bodies of troops are on their march—they will soon be here to share our dangers and repulse the enemy.

The veterans of the North have given proofs of their valor and constancy—they are accustomed to conquer this presumptuous race. I know your worth, and how dearly you love to serve your country. It is for this that I am pleased to command you and lead you to combat, in which your comrade and best friend will be proud to follow your example.

MARIANO ARISTA.

Important from Buenos Ayres.—A slip from the Solen Gazette Office says, by a letter from Rio, received in this city, that the persons who have been favored, we have intelligence from Buenos Ayres, to the 25th of July. The English and French Ministers had left, Rosas having refused all their propositions. The Buenos Ayres squadron had been captured by the English and French, and Orbe had been warned to retire from before Martin.

Mexican Duties.—A French gentleman arriving at Vera Cruz, a few days since, from New Orleans, with a box of cigars for his own use, which cost him \$15 in New Orleans, was told by the Mexican custom house officer, that he must pay \$18 duty on it. Finding remonstrance unavailing, he seized the box, dashed it to pieces, scattering the cigars among the custom house clerks, gave the country, the tariff, the custom house and President's benevolent blessing by the rule of contrary, and walked off, leaving the government scullions in a state of bewilderment hard to be described.

Dreadful Fire in Philadelphia.

A fire broke out at an early hour on Sunday morning, in a stable in the rear of Arch and Broad streets, and as the wind blew fresh at the time, the flames soon communicated to the extensive commission store of Steele & Co., which was entirely consumed with most of its contents; it then extended to the premises of Steele & Co., known as the Pennsylvania and Ohio Transportation Company's Depot, filled with flour, cotton, grain, wool, &c., which was also burned down; but a small part of the contents saved. It then crossed Cherry street and communicated to a large store-house occupied by Messrs. Craig, Bellas & Co. of the "Portable Boat Line," in which was a large quantity of wool, cotton, grain, &c. The building was destroyed, but most of the stock saved. Several other buildings and 6 cars, shared the same fate. We regret to hear that several persons lost their lives, and that a great many are seriously injured.

At the hospital are Daniel Brown whose knee is broken in three places, also his shoulder and head and body badly burned. Cannot lie! John Rubin, a member of the Globe Engine had his right leg and shoulder broken, and lies at the hospital in a dangerous situation. Mr. James was badly burned. L. S. Priest had his left hand severely cut by the falling of the half of Craig, Bellas & Co.'s extensive flour establishment. He is also injured about the head and body. The walls of the Broad street fire have fallen and buried a small boy in the ruins. Also, a member of the Weecoco. The amount of property in the different store-houses has been estimated as follows: Messrs. Craig, Bellas & Co., from 10 to \$15,000; James Steele & Co., about 10,000; and Sister, Jones & Co., about 10,000. Each firm was insured for amounts which more than cover their respective losses.

The conflagration, which lasted several hours, presented a spectacle of awful grandeur. Monday morning the blackened wall of the ruins reared in the wind for an hour or two, and then fell to the ground upon the smouldering remains of bales and barrels.

The entire loss by the above fire has been estimated at about \$500,000. By the falling of the walls while the buildings were in flames, the following persons were injured: Edward J. Fox had his shoulder and leg badly hurt. He belonged to the city police. William Fox, another of the police, received some very severe bruises. Jacob Kuntz, a member of the Globe Engine company, was injured in his right and left thigh fractured besides sustaining other injuries, which will most likely prove fatal.

Another fire occurred just before this, at the sugar refinery of Rodet & Canal, in the rear of Second st. The building was destroyed and several others injured. The loss is estimated at \$25,000.

Great Storm and Destruction at Cincinnati.—A large amount of injury was done by a tremendous fall of rain at Cincinnati, on Thursday afternoon last. The heavy rain, which continued several hours, did much damage. All that part of the city called Texas, was completely inundated, and in some places to the depth of six, seven, and ten feet! An immense amount of damage was done in cellars, as they filled in many instances, in five minutes; so sudden was the storm. Judge McLean's tenants by the damages by the storm at \$90,000, and are about instituting suits against the city for that amount—alleging that the city in making passages for water, left them exposed.

Execution of Green.—This wretched young man, convicted of murder the most revolting and unnatural, paid the forfeit of his crime on Wednesday. He was hung in the city of Troy, at ten minutes past 4 in the afternoon, in the usual manner, in the prison.

It is stated that recently the air of swagger and apparent indifference has been exchanged for apparent penitence, and he is said to have been much engaged in prayer with the clergymen in attendance. It is also confidently stated that to him he had made a confession; though to Wyatt, brother of the murdered wife, whom he sent for and whose forgiveness he craved and obtained, he refused, although strongly urged, to make any confession or explanation.—[Bee.]

The article from the "True American" which finally produced so much excitement, and unfilled men of both parties against Mr. Clay, is as follows:

"Slavery, the most unmitigated, the lowest, basest that the world has ever seen, is to be substituted forever for our better, more glorious, holier aspirations. The constitution is torn and trampled under the feet of justice and good faith in a nation are decided—brute force is substituted in the place of high moral tone—all the great principles of national liberty which we inherited from our British ancestry are trampled under the feet of a man who is to be substituted forever for our better, more glorious, holier aspirations. The constitution is torn and trampled under the feet of justice and good faith in a nation are decided—brute force is substituted in the place of high moral tone—all the great principles of national liberty which we inherited from our British ancestry are trampled under the feet of a man who is to be substituted forever for our better, more glorious, holier aspirations. 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The Muse.

Old Story Books.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Old story books! old story books! we owe you much, old friends,
Bright-colored threads in Memory's warp, of which Death
holds the ends,
Who can forget ye! who can spurn the minister's of joy
That waited on the living girl and petticoated boy!
I know that ye could win my heart when every fibre or
throat
Failed to allow my stamping rage or break my sullen pet.
A "promised story" was enough; I turned, with eager
smile,
To learn about the mighty "pig that would not mount the
stile."

There was a spot in days of yore, whereon I need to stand,
With inquiry question in my head and penny in my hand;
Where muddy sweets and crinkled cakes made up a goodly
show,
And "story books," upon a string, appeared in brilliant
row.
What should I have? The peppermint was incense in my
nose,
But I had heard of "hero Jack," who slew his giant foes:
My lonely coin was balanced long before the tempting stall.
"Twixt books and bull's eye, too, forsooth!" "Jack" got it
after all.

Talk of your "velvet," "gold-embossed," "morocco,"
"roan," and "calf,"
The blue and yellow wraps of old were prettier by half;
And as to pictures! well we know that never was one made
like that where "Bluebeard" swings aloft his wife-de-
stroying blade.
"Hume's England!"—pshaw! what history of battles,
states, and men,
Can vie with Memoirs "all about sweet little Jenny Wren!"
And what are all the wonders that e'er struck a nation
dumb,
To those recorded as performed by "Master Thomas
Thumb!"

"Miss Riding Hood," poor luckless child, my heart grew
big with dread
When the grim "wolf," in granddaddy's best bonnet,
showed his head;
I shuddered when, in innocence, she meekly peeped be-
neath,
And made remarks about "great eyes," and wondered at
"great teeth."
And then the "Horse that Jack built," and the "Beast-
tail"
Jack cut down," and "The eleven brothers," on their travels of renown;
And "Jack," whose cracked and plastered head insured
him lyric fame—
These, these methinks, make "vulgar Jack" a rather
classic name.

Fair "Valentine," I loved him well; but better still the
heart
That lugged his brother in her arms with tenderness and
care.
I lingered spell bound o'er the page, though eventide wore
late,
And left my supper all untouched to fathom "Orson's" fate.
Then "Robin with his merry men," a noble were they;
We'll never see the like again, go hunting where we may;
In Lincoln garb, with bow and barb, rapt fancy bore me on
Through Sherwood's dewy forest paths, close after "Little
John."

"Miss Cinderella" and her "shoe," kept long their reign-
ing powers,
Till harrier words and longer themes beguiled my flying
hours;
And "Sinbad," wondrous sailor he, allured me on his track,
And set me shouting when he flung the old man from his
back.
And "O! that tale—the matchless tale," that made me dream
at night
Of "Cruoe's" shaggy robe of fur, and "Friday's" death
spurred flight.
Nay, still I read it, and again, in sleeping visions see
The savage dancers on the sand—the raft upon the sea.

Old story books! old story books! I doubt if "Reason's
feast"
Provides a dish that pleases more than "Beauty and the
Beast."
I doubt if all the Ledger leaves that bear a sterling sum,
Yield happiness like those that told of "Master Horner's
plum."
Old story books! old story books! I never pass you by
Without a sort of furtive glance—right loving, though 'tis
slight.
And fair suspicion may arise that yet my spirit grieves,
For fear "Old Mother Hubbard's Dog" and "Ali Baba's
Thieves."

The Story Teller.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE TRESPASSER IN MAINE. A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY SEBA SMITH.

In the Autumn of 1836, while traveling through a part of the interior of the State of Maine, I stopped at a small new village between the Kennebec and the Penobscot rivers, nearly a hundred miles from the seaboard, for the purpose of giving my horse a little rest and provender, before proceeding some ten miles further that evening. It was just after sunset; I was walking on the piazza in front of the neat new tavern, admiring the wildness of the surrounding country, and watching the gathering shadows of the grey twilight, as it fell upon the valleys, and crept softly up the hills, when a light one horse wagon, with a single gentleman, drove rapidly into the yard, and stopped at the stable door.

"Tom," said the gentleman to the hostler, as he jumped from his wagon, "take my mare out, rub her down well, and give her four quarts of oats. Be spry now, Tom; you needn't give her any water, for she sweats like fury. I'll give her a little when I am ready to start."

Tom sprang, with uncommon alacrity, to obey the orders he had received, and the stranger walked towards the house. He was a tall, middle aged gentleman, rather slim, but well proportioned and well dressed. It was the season of the year when the weather began to grow chilly, and the evenings cold; and the frock coat of the stranger, trimmed with fur, and buttoned to the throat, whilst it insured comfort, served also to exhibit his fine elastic form to the best advantage. His little wagon, too, had a marked air of comfort about it; there was the spring seat, the stuffed cushions, and the buffalo robes—all seemed to indicate a gentleman of ease and leisure; while on the other hand, his rapid movements and prompt manner betokened the man of business. As he stepped on to the piazza, with his long and handsome driving whip in his hand, the tavern keeper, who was a brisk young man, and well understood his business, met him with a hearty shake of the hand, and a familiar "how are you, Colonel? Come, walk in."

There was something about the stranger that strongly attracted my attention, and I followed him into the bar-room. He stepped up to the bar, laid his whip on the counter, and called for a glass of brandy and water, some small crackers and cheese.

"But not going to stop to supper, Colonel? Going further to-night?" inquired the landlord, as he pushed forward the brandy bottle.

"Can't stop more than ten minutes," replied the stranger, "just long enough to let the mare eat her oats."

"Is that the same mare," asked the host, "that you had when you were here last?"

"Yes," answered the Colonel, "I've drove her thirty miles since dinner, and I am going forty miles farther before I sleep to-night."

"But you'll kill that mare, Colonel, as sure as rats," said the landlord, "she's too likely a beast to drive to death."

"No, no," was the reply, "she's tough as a pitch knot; I feed her well; she'll stand it I guess. I go to Norridgewock before I sleep to-night."

With a few more brief remarks, the stranger finished his brandy, and crackers, and cheese; he threw down some change on the counter, ordered his carriage to the door, and bidding the landlord good night, jumped into his wagon, cracked his whip, and was off like a bird. After he was gone, I ventured to exercise the Yankee privilege of asking "who he might be."

"That's Colonel Kingston," said the landlord, "a queer sort of a chap he is, too; a real go-ahead sort of a fellow as ever I met with; does more business in one day than some folks would do in a year. He's a right good customer; always full of money, and pays well."

"What business or profession does he follow?" I asked.

"Why, not any particular kind of business," replied the landlord, "he kind o' speculates round, and such like."

"But," said I, "I thought that the speculation in timber lands was all over; I did not know that a single person could be found now, to purchase lands."

"Oh, it isn't exactly that kind o' speculation," said the landlord, "he's got a knack of buying out folks' farms—land, house, barn, live stock, hay and provisions, all in a lump."

"Where does he live?" said I.

"Oh, he's lived round in a number of places since he's been in these parts. He's been round in these parts only a year or two, and it's astonishing to see how much property he's accumulated. He stays in Monson the most of the time. That's where he came from this afternoon. They say he's got a number of excellent farms in Monson, and I'll warrant he's got some deeds of some of 'em with him now, that he's going to carry to Norridgewock to-night, to put on record."

I bade the landlord good night, and proceeded on my journey. What I had seen and heard of Colonel Kingston made an unwelcome impression on my mind; and as Monson lay in my way, and I was expecting to stop there a few days, my curiosity was naturally a little excited to learn something more of his history. The next day I reached Monson; and as I rode over its many hills, and over its ridges of arable land, I was struck with the number of fine farms which I passed, and the evidence of thrift and good husbandry that surrounded me. As this town was at that time almost on the extreme verge of the settlements in that part of the State, I was surprised to find it so well settled and under such good cultivation. My surprise was increased, on arriving at the centre of the town, to find a flourishing and bright looking village, with two or three stores, a variety of mechanics' shops, a school-house, and a neat little church, painted white, with green blinds, surmounted by a bell. A little to the westward of the village was one of those clear and beautiful ponds, that greet the eye of the traveler, in almost every hour's ride through that section of the country; and on its outlet, which runs through the village, stood a mill, and some small manufacturing establishments, that served to fill up the picture.

"Happy town," thought I, "that has such a village for its centre of attraction; and happy village, that is supported by surrounding farmers of such thrift and industry as those of Monson!" All this I found, too, within a dozen or fifteen miles of Moosehead Lake, the noblest and most extensive sheet of water in New England, which I had hitherto considered so far embosomed in the deep, trackless forest, as to be almost unapproachable, save by the wild Indian or the daring hunter. A new light seemed to burst upon me, and it was a pleasant thought that led me to look forward but a few years, when the rugged and wild shores of the great Moosehead should resound with the song and hum of the husbandman, and on every side rich farms and lively villages should be reflected on its bosom.

I had been quietly seated in the village inn but a short time, in a room that served both for bar and sitting-room, when a small man, with a flapped hat, an old brown wrapper, a leather strap buckled round his waist, and holding a good-stick in his hand, entered the room, and took a seat on the bench in the corner. His bright, restless eye glanced round the room, and then seemed bent thoughtfully toward the fire, while in the arch expression of his countenance I thought I beheld the prelude to some important piece of information that was struggling for utterance. At last he said, addressing the landlord, "I guess the Colonel ain't to home to-day, is he?"

"No," replied Boniface, "he's been gone since yesterday morning; he said he was going up into your neighborhood. Haven't you seen anything of him?"

"Yes," said the little man with the good-stick, "I see him yesterday afternoon, about two o'clock, starting off like a streak, to go to Norridgewock."

"Gone to Norridgewock!" said the landlord, "what for? He didn't say anything about going when he went away."

"More deeds, I guess," said the little teamster. "He's worried Deacon Stone out of his farm at last."

"He hasn't got Deacon Stone's farm, has he?" exclaimed the landlord.

"Deacon Stone's farm!" reiterated an elderly sober looking man, drawing a long pipe from his mouth, that he had until now been quietly smoking in an opposite corner.

"Deacon Stone's farm!" uttered the landlord, with upraised hands, as she entered the room just in season to hear the announcement.

"Deacon Stone's farm!" exclaimed three or four others in different parts of the room, all turning an eager gaze towards the little man of the good-stick.

As soon as there was a sufficient pause in their exclamations, to allow the teamster to put in another word, he repeated:

"Yes, he worried the Deacon out at last, and got hold of his farm as slick as a whistle. He's been kind o' edging round the Deacon these three weeks, a little at a time; just enough to see how to get the right side of him, for the Deacon was a good deal off at first; and yesterday morning the Colonel was up at last, and he got him into the fore room, and shut the door; and there they staid till dinner was ready, and had waited for them an hour, before they would come out. And when they did come out, the job was all done; the deed was signed and delivered. I'd been in there about eleven o'clock, and the Deacon's wife and the galls were in terrible fits, for fear of what was going on in the other room. They started to go in two or three times, but

the door was fastened, so they had to keep out. After dinner, I went over again, and got there just after they were out of the fore room. The Deacon asked the Colonel to stop to dinner, but I guess the Colonel see so many sour looks about the house, that he was afraid of a storm brewing; so he only ketched up a piece of bread and cheese, and said he must be a goin'.

He jumped into his wagon, and gave his mare a cut, and was out of sight in two minutes."

"How did poor Mrs. Stone feel?" asked the landlord, "I should think she would 'a' died."

"She looked as if she'd turn milk sour quicker than a thunder shower," said the teamster, "and Jane went into the bed-room and cried as if her heart would break. I believe they didn't any of 'em make out to eat any dinner, and I thought the Deacon felt about as bad as any on 'em, after all; for I never see him look so kind o' riled in all my life."

"Now Mrs. Stone," said he to his wife, 'you think I've done wrong, but after talking along with Colonel Kingston, I made up my mind it would be for the best.' She didn't make him any answer, but began to cry, and went out of the room. The Deacon looked as if he would sink into the earth. He stood a minute as if he wasn't looking at nothing, and then took down his pipe off the mantel, and set down in the corner and went to smoking as hard as he could smoke."

"After a while, he turned round to me, and says he, 'I don't know but I've done wrong.' Well, says I, 'in my opinion that depends upon what sort of a bargain you have made. If you've got a good bargain out of the Colonel, I don't see why his money ain't as good as any body's, or why another farm just as good as your's isn't worth as much.' 'Yes,' said the Deacon, 'so it seems to me. I got a good bargain, I know it's more than the farm is worth. I never considered it worth more than two thousand dollars, stock, hay and all; and he takes the whole just as 'is, and pays down three thousand dollars.' 'Is it pay down?' says I. 'Yes,' says he, 'it is all pay down.' He gives me three hundred dollars in cash; I have got it in my pocket; and then he gives me an order on Saunders' store, for two hundred dollars; that's as good as money you know, for we are always wanting one thing or another out of his store. Then he gives me a deed of five hundred acres of land, in the upper part of Vermont, at five dollars an acre. That makes up three thousand dollars. But that isn't all. He says this land is richly worth seven dollars an acre; well timbered, and a good chance to get the timber down; and he showed me the certificates of several respectable men that had been all over it, and they said it was well worth seven dollars. That gives me two dollars clear profit on an acre, which on five hundred acres makes a thousand dollars. So that instead of only three thousand, I suppose that I have really got four thousand dollars for the farm. But then it seems to work up the feelings of the women folks so to think of leaving it, after we've got it so well under way, that I don't know but I've done wrong." And his feelings come over him so, he begun to smoke away again, as hard as he could draw. I didn't know what to say to him, for I didn't believe he would get five hundred dollars for his five hundred acres of land. So I got up and went home."

As my little good-stick teamster made a pause here, the elderly man in the opposite corner, who had sat all this time knocking his pipe bowl against the thumb nail of his left hand, took up the thread of the discourse.

"I am afraid," said he, looking up at the landlord, "I am afraid Deacon Stone has got tricked out of his farm, for a mere song. That Col. Kingston, in my opinion, is a dangerous man, and ought to be looked after."

"Well," said the landlord, "I had no idee he would get hold of Deacon Stone's farm. That's one of the best farms in town."

"Yes," replied the man with the pipe, "and that makes seven of the best farms in town, that he's got hold of already, and what will be the end of it I don't know; but I think that something ought to be done about it."

"Well," said the landlord, "I do pity poor Mrs. Stone from the bottom of my heart; she will never get over it to the longest day she lives."

Here the little man with the good-stick looked out of the window, and saw his team starting off up the road, and he flew out of the door, screaming "Whoish! whoish!" and that was the last I saw of him. But my curiosity was now too much excited, with regard to Colonel Kingston's mysterious operations, and my sympathies for the good Deacon Stone and his fellow sufferers were too thoroughly awakened, to allow me to rest without further inquiries.

During the few days I remained in the neighborhood, I learned that the Colonel came from Vermont; that he had visited Monson several times for the last year or two, and for the last few months had made it his home. During that time he had exercised an influence over some of the honest and sober minded farmers of Monson, that was perfectly unaccountable. He was supposed to be a man of wealth, as he never seemed to lack money for any operation he chose to undertake. He had a bold, dashing air, and rather fascinating manners, and his power over those with whom he conversed had become so conspicuous, that it was regarded as an inevitable consequence in Monson, that if a farmer chanced to get shut up in a room with Colonel Kingston, he was a "gone goose," and sure to come out tolerably well stripped of his feathers. He had actually got possession of seven or eight of the best farms in the town, for about one quarter part of their real value.

It may be thought unaccountable that thriving, sensible farmers could, in so many instances, be duped; but there were some extraordinary circumstances that helped to produce the result. The wild spirit of speculation, which had raged throughout the country for two or three years, had pervaded almost every mind, and rendered it restless and desirous of change. And then the seasons, for a few years past, had been cold and unfavorable. The farmer had sowed, and had not reaped, and he was discouraged. If he could sell, he would go to a warmer climate. These influences, added to his own powers of adroitness and skill in making "the worse appear the better reason," had enabled Colonel Kingston to inveigle the farmers of Monson out of their hard earned property, and turn them out, poor and houseless, upon the world.

The public mind had become much excited on the subject, and the case of Deacon Stone added fresh fuel to the fire. It was in this state of affairs that I left Monson, and heard no more of Colonel Kingston until the follow-

ing summer, when another journey called me into that neighborhood, and I learned the sequel to his fortunes. The Colonel made but few more conquests after his victory over Deacon Stone; and the experience of a cold and cheerless winter, which soon overtook them, brought the deluded farmers to their senses.

The trifling sums of money which they had received in hand, were soon exhausted in providing necessary supplies for their families; and the property they had obtained, as principal payment for their farms, turned out to be of little value, or was so situated that they could turn it to no profitable account. Day after day, through the winter, the excitement increased and spread, and waxed more intense, as the unfortunate condition of the sufferers became more generally known.

"Colonel Kingston" was the great and absorbing topic of discussion at the stores and at the tavern, at evening parties and sleigh rides, and even during intermission at church, on the Sabbath.

The indignation of the people had reached that pitch usually leading to acts of violence. Colonel Kingston was now regarded as a monster, preying upon the peace and happiness of society, and various were the expedients proposed to rid the town of him. The school boys in the several districts discussed the matter, and resolved to form a grand company, to snowball him out of town, and only waited a word of approbation from some of their parents or teachers, to carry their resolution into effect.

Some reckless young men were for seizing him and giving him a public horse-whipping, in front of the tavern, at mid-day, and in presence of the whole village. Others, equally violent, but less daring, proposed catching him out some dark evening, giving him a good coat of tar and feathers, and riding him out of town upon a rail. But the older, more experienced, and sober minded men shook their heads at these rash projects, and said, "It is a bad plan for people to take the law into their own hands; as long as we live under good laws, it is best to be governed by them. Such kind of squabbles as you young folks want to get into, most always turn out bad in the end."

So reasoned the old folks. They were nevertheless as eager and determined to get rid of Colonel Kingston, as were the young ones, though more cautious and circumspect as to the means. At last, after many consultations, and much perplexity, Deacon Stone declared one day, with much earnestness, to his neighbors and townsmen who were assembled at the village, that, "for his part, he believed it was best to appeal at once to the laws of the land; and if they wouldn't give protection to the citizen, he did not know what would. For himself, he verily believed that Colonel Kingston might be charged with swindling, and if a complaint was to be made to the grand jury, he didn't believe that they would have him indicted and tried in court, and give back the people their farms again."

The Deacon spoke feelingly on the subject, and his words found a ready response in the hearts of all present. It was at once agreed to present Colonel Kingston to the grand jury, when the court should next be in session at Norridgewock.

Accordingly, when the next court was held, Monson was duly represented before the grand inquest for the County of Somerset, and such an array of facts and evidence was exhibited, that the jury, without hesitation, found a bill against the Colonel for swindling, and a warrant was immediately issued for his apprehension.

This crisis had been some months maturing, and the warm summer had now commenced. The forest trees were in leaf; and the ground was yet wet and muddy, the days began to be hot and uncomfortable. It was a warm moonlight evening, when the officer arrived at Monson with the warrant. He had taken two assistants with him, mounted on fleet horses, and about a dozen stout young men of the village were in his train as volunteers. They approached the tavern where Col. Kingston boarded, and just as they were turning from the road up to the house, the form of a tall, slim person was seen gliding from the back door, and crossing the garden.

"There he goes!" exclaimed a dozen Monson voices at once; "that's he! there he goes!"

And sure enough it was he! Whether he had been notified of his danger by some traitor, or had seen from the window the approach of the party and suspected mischief was at hand, was never known. But the moment he heard these exclamations, he sprang from the ground as if a bullet had pierced his heart.

In a moment the whole party were in full pursuit; and in five minutes more, a hundred men and boys of all ages, roused by the cry that now rang through the village, were out and joining in the race. The fields were rough and in some places quite wet, so that running across them was rather a difficult and hazardous business. The direction which Kingston seemed at first inclined to take, would lead him into the main road beyond the corner, nearly half a mile off. But those who were mounted, put spurs to their horses, and reaching the spot before him, he headed off in another direction. He now flew from field to field, leaping fence, and apparently aiming for the deep forest on the easterly part of the town. Many of his pursuers were active and athletic young men, and they gave him a hot chase. Even Deacon Stone who had come to the village that evening to await the arrival of the officer, even the Deacon, now in the sixty-first year of his age, ran like a boy. He kept among the foremost of the pursuers; and once getting within about a dozen rods of the fugitive, his zeal burst forth into language, and he cried out in tremulous voice, "Stop! you infernal villain stop!" This was the nearest approach he had made to profanity for forty years; and when the sound of the words he had uttered fell full on his ear, his nerves received such a shock that he legs trembled and he was no longer able to sustain his former speed.

The Colonel, however, so far from obeying the emphatic injunction of the Deacon, rather seemed to be inspired by it to new efforts for flight. Over log, bog and brook, stumps, stones and fences, he flew like a wild deer; and, after a race of some two miles, during which he was at no time more than twenty rods from his pursuers, he plunged into a thick, dark forest. Hearing his adversaries close upon him, after he had entered the wood, and being almost entirely exhausted, he threw himself under the side of a large fallen tree, where he was darkly sheltered by a thick clump of alders. His pursuers rushed furiously on, many of them within his hearing, and some of them passing over the very tree under which he lay. After scouring the forest for a mile round, without finding any tra-

ces of the fugitive, they began to retreat to the opening, and Kingston heard enough of their remarks on their return, to learn that his retreat from the woods that night would be well guarded against, and that the next day, Monson would pour out all its force "to hunt him to the end of the 'arth, but that they have him." Under this comfortable assurance, he was little disposed to take much of a night's rest, where he would be sure to be discovered and overtaken in the morning. But what course to take and what measure to adopt was a difficult question for him to answer. To return to the Monson, opening, he well knew would be to throw himself into the hands of his enemies; and if he remained in the woods till the next day, he foresaw there would be but a small chance to escape from the hundreds on every side, who would be on the alert to take him. North of him was the town of Ellipton, containing some fifteen or twenty families, and to the south lay Guilford, a well settled farming town, but he knew he would be no more safe in either of these settlements than at Monson. East of him lay an unincorporated wild township, near to the centre of which, and some three or four miles to the eastward of where he now lay, dwelt a solitary individual by the name of Johnson, a singular being, who, from some unknown cause had forsaken social life, and lived a hermit in that secluded spot for seven or eight years.

He had a little opening in a fine interval on the banks of Wilson river, where he raised his corn and potatoes, and had constructed a rude hovel for a dwelling. Johnson had made his appearance occasionally at the village, with a string of fine trout, a bearskin, or some other trophy of his Nimrod propensities, which he would exchange at the stores for a little rum, a little tobacco, a little tea, a jackknife, and a little more rum, when he would plunge into the forest again, and be seen no more for months.

After casting his thoughts about in vain for any other refuge, he resolved to throw himself upon the protection of Johnson. Accordingly, as soon as he was a little rested, and his pursuers were well out of hearing, he crept from his hiding place, and taking his direction by the moon, made the best of his way eastward, through the rough and thick wood. It is no easy matter to penetrate such a forest in the day time, and in the night, nothing but extreme desperation could drive a man through it. Here pressing his way through a dark and thick underbrush that constantly required both hands to guard his eye: there climbing over huge wind-falls, wading a bog, or leaping a brook, and anon working his way for a quarter of a mile through a dismal, tangled cedar-swamp, where a thousand dry and pointed limbs, shooting out on every side, tear his clothes from his back and wound him at every step—under these impediments, and in this condition, Kingston spent the night in pressing on towards Johnson's camp; and after a period of extreme suffering, just at daylight, he came out to the opening.

But here another barrier was before him. The Wilson river, a wild and rapid stream, and now swollen by a recent freshet, was between him and Johnson's dwelling, and he had no means of crossing. But cross he must, and he was reluctant to lose time by deliberation. He selected the spot that looked most likely to admit of fording, and waded into the river. He staggered along from rock to rock, and fought against the current, until he reached nearly the middle of the stream, when the water deepened, and took him rapidly down the stream. At last, however, after severe struggles, and not without imminent peril of his life, he made out to reach the bank, so much exhausted that it was with difficulty he could walk to the camp of Johnson. When he reached it, he found its lonely inmate yet asleep. He roused him, made his case known to him and begged his protection. Johnson was naturally benevolent, and the wretched appearance of the fugitive, at once touched his heart. There was now

—no speculation in those eyes,
Which he did glare withal,—
but fear and trembling blanched his countenance, and palsied his limbs. Possibly the hermit's benevolence might have been quickened by a portion of the contents of the Colonel's purse, but that as it may, he was soon administering to the comfort of his guest. In a few minutes, he had a good fire, and the exhausted wanderer took off his clothes and dried them, and tried to fasten some of the flying pieces that had been torn loose by the hatchet-teeth limbs in the cedar swamps. In the meantime, Johnson had provided some roasted potatoes and a bit of fried bear meat, which he served up with a tin dipper of strong tea, and Kingston ate and drank, and was greatly refreshed.

They now set themselves earnestly at work, to devise means of retreat and security against the pursuit of the enraged Monsonites, "who," Kingston said, "he was sure would visit the camp before noon." Under a part of the floor was a small excavation in the earth, which the host called his potato-hole, since, being near the fire, it served in winter to keep his potatoes from freezing. This portion of the floor was now covered with two or three barrels, a water-pail, a bench, and sundry articles of iron and tin ware. It was Johnson's advice that the Colonel should be secreted in the potato hole. He was afraid, however, that they would search so close as to discover his retreat. Yet the only alternative seemed to be between the plan proposed and bethinking himself again to the woods, exposed to toil and starvation and the chance of arrest by some of the hundreds who would be scouring the woods that day, eager as blood-hounds for their prey. Something must be done immediately, for he was expecting every hour to hear the cry of his pursuers. Accordingly, the superincumbent articles were hastily removed, a board was taken up from the floor, and the gallant Colonel descended to his new quarters. They were small to be sure, but under the circumstances, very acceptable. The cell was barely deep enough to receive him in a sitting posture, with his neck a little bent, and under him was a little straw, on which he could stretch his limbs to rest. Johnson replaced all the articles with such care, that no one would have supposed they had been removed for months. This had been just completed, when he heard shouts at a distance, and beheld ten or a dozen people rushing out of the woods and making towards his camp. He was prepared for them—and when they came in they found him seated quietly at his seat mending his clothes.

"Have you seen anything of Colonel Kingston?" inquired the foremost of the company, with panting eagerness.

"Colonel Kingston?" asked Johnson, looking up with a sort of vacant stare.

CONCLUDED ON SECOND PAGE.

Health and Strength. DR. S. O. RICHARDSON'S Concentrated Cherry Wine Bitters.

THE Proprietor of this medicine offers to the public the result of an extensive practice and a thorough investigation of the laws which govern the human system. It cannot be denied, by those who have become acquainted with the singular virtues of these Bitters, that they possess a pre-eminence over all others now in use, for the disease which they profess to cure.

It is a well known fact, that most diseases arise from a derangement of the stomach and bowels, in youthfulness, adult and declining life.

—The stomach crammed with every dish,
A tumb of roast and boiled, and flesh and fish;
Where bile and wind, and phlegm and acid, jar,
And all the man is one intestine war.

The extensive sympathies which subsist between these and every other part of the living body is the foundation of nervous diseases of all kinds, Irrregular Appetite, Langour, Drowsiness, Wandering Pains, Headache, Lowness of Spirits, &c.

And these, in their turn, give birth to Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Jaundice, Piles, Fever, Inflammatory Humors, Coughs, and a host of diseases which embitter life and poison all sources of enjoyment.

The distinguished character of these Bitters is most strikingly their operation being more or less powerful according to the violence of the disease. When used in appropriate quantity, in cases of slight derangement of the stomach and bowels, caused by coarseness or a slight bilious difficulty, and the like, where nature needs assistance to prevent more serious consequences, they will be scarcely felt.

On the contrary, in obstinate cases, they frequently operate more powerfully, causing two or three evacuations daily, until the circulating fluid becomes purified. They accomplish this, they act on the system in connexion with food, each receiving mutual assistance until a healthy constitution is restored to a state of health and renewed vigor.

For sale wholesale and retail at the Doctor's office, 15, Hanover street, Boston; and by J. E. Ladd and E. Fuller; at Halliwell by H. Water, S. Adams, and R. G. Lincoln; and by all agents throughout the State, June 1, 1845.

JUST RECEIVED, an additional assortment of Hand Ware Goods, which are offered for sale by
JONAS G. HOLCOMB.
Augusta, June 9, 1845.

Bommer's Method of Making Manure.

THE subscriber has been appointed agent of this new and useful improvement for the State of Maine, and is now prepared to sell in various towns of County Kennebec. The cheapness and expedition with which large bodies of manure may be produced by this method render it invaluable to the farmer. To facilitate a more general introduction of this important accession to the farming interest, it is proposed to sell County or Town rights in the use of the manure, on such terms as to entitle individuals or companies, on such terms as to entitle them to a profitable business. The method has been tested by many farmers in this and other states, and in every case, where the directions were properly observed, the results have proved most satisfactory. Mr. SAMUEL DAVIS of Bowdoinham, has been appointed Agent for the County of Lincoln, and Mr. ELIJAH ROBINSON of Vassalboro', for the County of Kennebec.

The other counties may be secured by application to me (post paid) and directed to me at Portland.
EZEKIEL HOOLE.
August 11, 1845.

NOTICE.

THIS is to certify, that I, the subscriber, do this day give my son ISAAC A. TOSIER, a minor, his freedom. I hereby give public notice of the fact, and claim none of his earnings nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date.
JOHN H. TOSIER.
Witness—RUFUS MARSTON.
Monmouth, Sept. 2, 1845.

To Grain Growers.

THE Subscribers hereby give notice, that they continue the business of building PITTS' MACHINE FOR THRASHING AND CLEANING GRAIN at their shop, in Winthrop Village, a few rods south of the Woolen Factory. Also the Common Thrasher with the Cleaner, and will furnish PITTS' HORSE POWERS to such as may wish to purchase. All persons wishing to purchase are invited to call and examine the same.

SAMUEL BENJAMIN,
CYRUS DAVIS.
Winthrop, August 2, 1845.

GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

FOR Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Consumption. THE Great English Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Consumption, is the Hungarian Balm of Life, discovered by the celebrated Dr. Buchan of London, England, and introduced into the United States under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

The extraordinary success of this medicine, in the cure of Pulmonary diseases, warrants the American Agent in soliciting for treatment the worst possible cases that can be found in the community. It has not only relieved in many of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished Physicians, as confirmed and incurable. The Hungarian Balm has cured and will cure the most desperate cases. It is no quack nostrum, but a standard English medicine, of known and established efficacy.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchan's Hungarian Balm of Life, not only to contract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a preventive medicine in all cases of Coughs, spitting of blood, pain in the side and chest, irritation and soreness of the lungs, bronchitis, difficulty of breathing, hectic fever, night sweats, emaciation and general debility, asthma, influenza, hooping cough, and croup.

Sold in large bottles, at \$1 per bottle, with